

THE IRISH STRANGER.

Oh, pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That's wandered thus far from his home ;
I sigh for protection from want, woe and danger,
But know not which way for to roam.
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's bowers,
For bigotry hath trampled her sweetest of flowers,
That gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours,
They are gone, and I'll ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gazed on yon proud lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose for its lord ;
With sorrow I beheld my own garden soon yielding,
Its choicest of fruits for its board ;
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I did spend many a long, happy day,
Alas ! as his lordship contrived it away ?
Yes, it has gone, and I'll ne'er see it more.

When nature was seen on the sloe bush and bramble,
Sit smiling in beautiful bloom :
O'er fields without danger I used to ramble,
And lavish amidst her perfume ;
Or range thro' the woods were the gay feather'd throng,
Did joyfully sing their loud-echoing song ;
The days, then, of summer, pass'd sweetly along,
Now they are gone, and I'll ne'er see them more.

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes,
I've gathered them oft without harm ;
And gone to the fields, where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm,
Or I've sat by the fire on a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight,
Those tales gave me pleasure, I could them invite,
Now they are gone, shall I ne'er see them more !

But Erin, said Erin, it grieves me to ponder,
On the wrongs of thy injured Isle ;
Thy sons, many thousands deploring to wander,
On shores off far-away in exile.

But give me the power to cross o'er the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain,
I'm only lamenting whilst here I remain,
For the jays that I'll never see more.

Farewell, then to Erin, and those I left weeping,
Upon her disconsolate shore ;
Farewell to grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I still dearly adore,
Farewell to each pleasure I once had at home,
Farewell, now a stranger in England I roam,
O give my past joys, or give me a tomb ;
Yes, in pity I ask for no more.

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